

REUTHER

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the radical Dubinsky, of the ILGW. He is also a very close friend of Herbert Lehman, one of the most prominent Marxist International Bankers and darling of many Reds, Pinks and Red fronts.

This reminds us that the Protocols of The Learned Elders of Zion (order yours from CEA, for \$1.00) bring out that the plan is to set up World Government through the instruments of radical workers and Marxist capitalists. It is a well known fact the Marxists are slowly but surely promoting Reuther as a candidate for the Presidency just as soon as the country can be sufficiently conditioned.

Walter and Victor Reuther spent one and one half years in the Soviet Union, returning in October 1935. At that time communism in the Soviet Union was in full swing for 17 years.

The following letter was written to Melvin and Gladys Bishop and published in the Saturday Evening Post, Aug. 14, 1948. This letter is only one of more than a score of different pieces of evidence as to what the Reuthers are cleverly trying to hide by posing as so-called anti-communists.

At the present time Reuther is busy spending 12 million dollars of the workers hard earned money to wreck the Kohler Co. If the American people are lulled to sleep, and this man is allowed to run for the Presidency, what is there to stop him from using the U.S. Treasury and the Army to wreck every manufacturer that does not bend to his orders?

REUTHER'S LETTER FROM RUSSIA

January 21, 1934

Dear Mel and Glad:

Your letter of December 5 arrived here last week from Germany and was read with more than usual interest by Wal and I. It seemed ages since we have heard from you, so you might well imagine with what joy we welcomed news from Detroit. It is precisely because you are equally anxious, I know, to receive word from the "workers' fatherland" that I am taking this first opportunity to answer you.

What you have written concerning the strikes and the general labor unrest in Detroit, plus what we have learned from other sources, makes us long for the moment to be back with you in the front lines of the struggle. However, the daily inspiration that is ours as we work side by side with our Russian comrades in our factory, the thought that we will forever end the exploitation of man by man, the thought that what we are building will be for the benefit and enjoyment of the working class, not only of Russia but of the entire world, is the compensation we receive for our temporary absence from the struggle in the United States. And let no one tell you that we are not on the road to socialism in the Soviet Union. Let no one say that the workers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are not on the road to security, enlightenment and happiness.

Mel and you know Wal and I were always strong for the Soviet Union. You know we were always ready to defend it against the lies of the reactionaries... Here the workers, through their militant leadership, the proletarian dictatorship, have not sold out to the owning class like the S.P. in Germany and like the Labor Party in England. Here they have against all odds, against famine, against internal strife and civil war, against capitalist invasion and isolation, our comrades here have maintained power, they have won over the masses, they have transformed the Soviet Union into one of the great industrial nations of the world. They have laid the economic foundation for socialism, for a classless society. Mel, if you could be with us for just one day in our shop you would realize the significance of

the Soviet Union...

Here are no bosses to drive fear into the workers. No one to drive them in mad speedups. Here the workers are in control. Even the shop superintendent has no more right in these meetings than any other worker. I have witnessed many times already when the superintendent spoke too long. The workers in the hall decided he already consumed enough time and the floor was then given to a lathe hand who told of his problems and offered suggestions. Imagine this at Ford or Briggs. This is what the outside world calls the "ruthless dictatorship in Russia." I tell you Mel, in all the countries we have thus far been in we have never found such genuine proletarian democracy. It is unpolished and crude, but proletarian workers democracy in every respect. The workers in England have more culture and polish when they speak at their meetings, but they have no power. I prefer the latter.

In our factory, which is the largest and most modern in Europe, and we have seen them all, there are no pictures of Fords and Rockefellers and Mellon. No such parasites, but rather huge pictures of Lenin. Red banners with slogans "Workers of the world unite" are draped across the crane-ways... Such a fine spirit of comradeship you have never before witnessed in your life. Superintendent, leaders and ordinary workers are all alike. If you saw your superintendent as he walks through the shop greeting workers with "Hello comrade," you could not distinguish him from any other worker...

Three nights ago we were invited to the clubhouse in Sosgor (Socialist City) to attend an evening of enjoyment given by the workers of the die shop... A division of the Red Army was also present as guests. In all my life, Mel, I have never seen anything so inspiring. Mel, once a fellow has seen what is possible, where workers gain power, he no longer fights for an ideal, he fights for something which is real, something tangible. Imagine, Mel, Henry Ford throw-

ing a big party for his slaves...

Mel, we are witnessing and experiencing great things in the U.S.S.R. We are seeing the most backward nation in the world being rapidly transformed into the most modern and scientific, with new concepts and new ideals coming into force. We are watching, daily, socialism being taken down from the books on the shelves and put into actual application. Who would not be inspired by such events?...

Let us know what is happening to the Y.P.S.L. and also the Social Problems Club. Carry on the fight for a Soviet America, VIC and WAL

JEW MOCKRACY

Land of dope and Jewry,
Land that once was free,
All the Jews do praise thee,
While they plunder thee.
Poorer still and poorer,
Grow thy true born sons,
Faster still and faster,
They are sent to feed the guns.
Land of Jewish Finance,
Fooled by Jewish lies,
In press and book and movie,
While our birthright dies.
Longer still and longer,
Is the rope they get,
But by the Gods of Battle,
It will serve to hang them yet.

Capt. A.H.M. Ramsay, (Royal Navy)
Author of Nameless War

Sorry we're late with some of our issues but please bear with us—we'll catch up.

We have problems and most of them we wouldn't have if Mike Todd had left us one of his millions.

GENERAL TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Read and pass on!

One Solitary Life

ERE is a young man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home.

He never had a family. He never went to a college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

While he was still a young man, the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross, between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth, and that was his coat. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend. Nineteen centuries wide have come and gone, and today he is the central figure of the human race, and the leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever sailed, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as has that

One Solitary Life

Anon.